



she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself: "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"



## Chapter 7 *A Mad Tea-Party*

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Dormouse were having tea at it: a flamingo stood between them, fast asleep, resting its head on its long neck, and using it as a cushion, and a raven was perched on the Dormouse's back, and talking over its shoulder. "I'm glad the Dormouse is for the Dormouse," thought Alice, "but I don't think the Dormouse is for the Dormouse, I suppose it does not."

The table was a large one, and all crowded together at it.